It Is Probably the Swiftest Flying Bird Known-Two Kinds Known-Their Southern Filgrimage Begun-The Way They Travel and the Best Way To Shoot Them.

HONEY CREEK, Wia, Sept. 1.—The first flight of the teal is on. A week ago a detachment of them rose from the Horicon marsh, where they were bred, circled thrice to get their bearings, then ted by a duck of three seasons of experience, darted away to the southward. There were two smaller flights on that day. The next day there were a half dozen. From that time the southward trend has been steady. By the middle of September the number of the birds in this State will be diminished perceptibly. Six weeks hence there will not be one north of the mouth of the Illinois river.

The teat vary widely in their ability to withstand chill and in their desire to roam. Each year their migration extends over nearly two months. The fact that during all of this period the stream of them pouring down to the guif is practically unbroken is some evidence of their enormous number. Hunters hereabouts are unable to perceive any of the game extinction threatened by many writers upon field topics. Autumn after autumn the some millions rise and wing their way to warmer lands. Possibly the preservation of the wild ducks in their incestimable numbers is due to rigorous game laws rigorously enforced in all the States in which they breed.

The shooting season in Wisconsin is very brief. In other Western States it is not much longer. and in all of them the number of birds a man may kill in a day is much restricted. A man who into South Dakota, for instance, to shoot mallards or wild geese, must first take out a ten days' ilcense, for which he pays \$25; he is not permitted to slay more than twenty five head in one day and he may not ship any of it outside of the State. Just why a man who is not permitted to kill more than twenty five ducks in for which he pays \$25 is not allowed to send some them to hungry friends not fortunate enough to live in South Dakota has never been explained, but the law is there to stay. safeguards are thrown about the wanderers of the air in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and other commonwealths in this part of the world.

Men who have used the shot gun in an amateur way since boyhood complain, with some show reason, that all of the legislative kindness is reserved for the ducks and not any is left over Whether or not the laws are responsible for the maintenance of the game supply. and in many regions its positive increase, it is a fact that the supply of flying targets did not seem is contended by old hunters and other observers that in matters of this kind nature has an unfailing balance by which she keeps things as they hould be. If less ducks are killed, less are produced. If more are kitled, more are produced. If man is restricted in his slaughter of the innocents, the restriction is almost certain to be followed by a marked increase in the number of the natural enemies of the birds, or by an unfavorable season, or by both. The supply of ducks and quair and geese and grouse is kept at its proper latus just as the proper supply of fish is kept

Probably the Horicon marshes of this State are the greatest breeding grounds for teas in the They make a desorate stretch of country of bogs, titue dark winding streams, many take of shallow depth, small islands of quivering land only a little higher than the morass, weed fringed ds and thousands upon thousands of acres of wild rice. No man knows all of the intricacies of this desolation and no man will ever know, The gamekeepers of the various clubs ewn the shaking surface get about in light broadbottomed punts and took after the ducklings as if they were privately reared poultry. These men wage an unceasing warfare on foxes, minks and all the other predatory fauna, and it is their duty to note carefully and report the condition of the duck crop to the sportsmen who pay them. They are down on the dozens of poache and, first and tast, a good many of them have been flued from head to heet with shot. Some times the encounters result fatally.

The Horicon marshes contain hundreds of square miles, and it is likely to be a century or two before the increase of population forces their redemption into arable land. They mark the extreme southern breeding point for wind ducks in any number. Occasionally it happens that a hen in the spring on her northward flight will find herself heavy with ova and will stop to build her nest far below the swarms of her kindred. These, however, are merely segregated instances. In general the wind ducks of different varieties find their breeding places from the Horicons to the shores of Baffin's Bay. Those breeding in Wisapasin are almost wholly teal, though occasionally here is a spoon-bill or a sprig-tail among

In the fall there are ducks of all varieties on the marshes until the surface is frozen over sotidiy, but they come from farther north, and generally not until the home-bred teal have taken their de The birds seave for the South in the order of tatitude in which they live and their sucion of departure never varies. First go the teat, then the spoon blits, then the sprig tails, en the gadwells and other forms akin to the widgeon, then the lordly mailard, then the canvas back and then the wild goese. The teal are much less able to stand cold. They get into the milder tates of the gulf countries long before there is any need that they go and they stay as long as possible. Teal have been killed in Texas as early as the middle of August, the most torrid part of the year down there, and they are not inrequently visible along the gulf as late as the first of April.

Of this bird there are two varieties, one much less hardy than the other. They are the bluewinged and the greenwinged varieties, so-called. There is absolutely no difference in them, except that one has two or three slaty blue feathers in the wing and the other has green feathers of a like number. They are of the same size, the same general character of plumage and the same speed. They are distinct, however, and never interbreed. The bluewinged kind especially objects to cold, and the time of its migration southward is always from three weeks to five weeks in advance of its green-tinted cousin.

Many epicures contend that the bluewinged teal is a better table bird than the greenwinged, but this contention is due probably to the fact that the bluewinged is the first duck obtained when the season opens. It hatches earlier, attains maturity earlier and gets itself into a position where it may be shot earlier. After a fast of seven or eight months, that duck which the gourmand gets first is apt to be the best duck. Probably he would say the same thing of the spoonbill, though the bird is a dirty feeder and its flesh tastes of mud. Be that as it may, there is nothing better than a bluewing except a greenwing, and nothing better than a greenwing except a bluewing.

One may tire of canvasbacks, red-heads or maliards. They are all big ducks, and in a little while their flavor cloys on the palate. They get to be what market-hunters call "ducky." There is no other word to describe it. But no man ever yet got tired of fat yearling teals, split down the back and broiled in the open air on glowing coals of the hickory or oak. Two of them are just the proper size for a hunter's breakfast, if he expects to get back to camp for a noon luncheon. If not, he should chamber four. A half dozen shooters, their appetites sharpened by wind, work and powder smoke, will account for twenty-four broiled teal at any hour, and not think themselves especially expert trenchermen.

It is the testimony of all gunners of experience that the teal is the swiftest thing that cleaves American air. At various times there have been contentions in favor of the wild pigeon, the carrier pigeon, the common field dove, the true falcon, the butterball duck and the heoded merganza. They are all extremely fast, but upon many occasions each of these flyers has been seen in contest with the teal and they have been almost always beaten. It is true that the wild pigeon when plentiful in this country never flew singly, but in enormous flocks, and the speed of the flock was the speed of the slowest member. It is true also that teal differ in speed, some being much swifter than others. Just the same, it is believed that the fastest pigeon would have stood no chance

against the fastest teal. As far the falcon, it sometimes attempts to catch the teal, but it never succeeds, unless it has made its stoop from a distance upon an unwary bird and has its natural velocity much increased by momentum.

While the teal is very active and requires little time to get under way, it is at a serious disadvantage under such circumstances. To be seen at its best as a space devourer, the teal must be sione and conscious of the fact that hurry is neces sary. This often happens when one finds itself separated from its flock at sunset and twenty niles from its roceting place. The other birds having gone home, it suddenly awakens to the act that it is belated, bounds thirty yards into the air, draws in its small brain a line as straigh as a ruler and gets down to business. Se such times between the crouching marksman and feet long, and the habitual shrill tremor of its wings is a keen metallic whir or buzz. With neck stretched forward to fullest tension, its elenough depressed to give steerage and its legs drawn hard against its rump, it is putting 150 miles an hour behind it and if the flight is down a

strong wind it will go even faster.

There is nothing animate which can approach the tremendous velocity of this feathered projectile, which huris itself through space reckless of the consequences. When going its best the teal cannot see any small object at all. It trusts to its height to clear an ordinary obstacle, and wholly to its speed to baffle foes. A man using three full drams of quick powder in a 16 gauge gun crossed by such a bird at a distance of forty yards, will need to hold ten yards at least in front. He will in fact make more kills if he leads his mark by fifty feet. This seems an exaggeration to every shooter who has never tried it, yet the truth of the statement is capable not only of mathematical demonstration, but of practical demonstration

whenever a belated teal is encountered.

The trouble with shooting high-firing ducks is that there is nothing save the duck for the shot to strike, and the tyro cannot tell that he is shooting behind. He will make mise after miss and, unless an old hand be near to give him the reason why, he will go to camp with an empty bag. In general terms, twenty-five crossing ducks are missed by shooting behind to one that is missed by shooting ahead, just as it is one of the rarest of occurrences that a suddenly flushed quall or jack snipe is over shot. These birds are always rising and the gun must be held well above them in order to score a kill.

It is the habit of the teal to live and to travel in larger flocks than any other variety of ducks. For the most part mallards and widgeons keep themselves to themselves. Not often are more than four or five families seen together, unless the feeding ground be rich and the only one within easy reach. The teal, however, like the blackbird, is not infrequently seen in thousands. When flushed they have a fashion of bearing into each other so that no daylight may be seen through the mass of them. Practically it is a solid living wall which uprears itself from the water and this makes possible the killing of enormous numbers of them at a single discharge if the gun be properly loaded and the gunner be at the proper distance of forty-five yards.

James Paulson, of Milwaukee, shooting or the Horicon marshes two years ago flushed a flock of teal in this manner. There were possibly three thousand in the flock. With two barrels of a 10 gauge gun, loaded with four and one half drams of black powder and an ounce and a quarter of No. 8 shot in each barrel, he killed and bagged 153 teal. There were many winged birds which got away in the tall grass. It has happened that teal, frightened from the water in this man ner and falling in scores from the shot poured into them, have become bewildered by the nois and death, have flown perhaps a mile, circled and have come back to the place whence they were startled, giving the waiting shooters a chance to renew the slaughter. More than 250 teal have een taken from one flock in a case like this.

On the marshes here in September there is no limit to the number of birds a man may kill in a day other than the limit set by the law, by the club rules and by his own sense of decency. When the season has been a good one, as the past season has been, the birds plentiful and not too wild from frequent alarms, it would be entirely possible for a sportsman to expend a thousand shells in a day, supposing that his shoulder could stand the recoil, which it could not. The duck-hunter, however, who lays claim to being a gentleman sportsman, will consider twenty-five birds in the boat as a result of a morning shoot a sufficiency, and he will always refuse to shoot into a flock, preferring to obtain his bag one at a time.

Taken by ones or twos, the teal is one of the mos difficult of flying targets, both on account of his swiftness and his small size. In body the little lyer is not larger than a quail, though his wing spread is much greater. As it is not often that it will pass a blind inside of forty yards, the gun which brings it down with frequency must be held not only with correctness, but must be bored throw its shot together ords, it must be closely choked. The feathers of the duck at this stage of the year offer no appreciable resistance to shot, but later the teal, dimininutive as it is, will stand a lot of shooting, particularly if it be hit when coming head on The covering of its breast will not entirely stop the pellets, but they will check them so that the are buried harmlessly in the heavy flesh of the breast. For all the sportsman knows to the con-

trary the flyer buzzes on untouched.

There can be no better shooting than teal when they are flying often and in not larger numbers than threes or fours. This happens always in the middle of the day. In the morning they move about in huge bands. This they do also in the evening when seeking their roost. After the sun gets high, however, they become scattered about in the grass and wild rice and decide to change their places of feeding at odd moments and with no concert among them. Indeed, after 10 o'clock in the morning the teal is rather averse to moving at all, particularly if the day be warm. In chilly and windy weather, like all other ducks,

on the marshes a little later in the season all of the teal shooting is done over decoys. It is not regarded as particularly fine form to slay the birds in one of the "passes" which they establish in flying from and to their roosts morning and evening. Besides, in a little while they grow so wary that they make their passage of the pass at such a height that stopping one of them is largely a matter of chance. By the use of a set of competent decoys, however, the gunner can make a respectable bag in comfort and all of his birds will have been shot one or two at a time, which is

much more satisfactory.

Various decoys are used, but there is nothing better than a dead teal. When the gunner has killed one he sets it on the water, inserting under its throat a two-foot stick whose other end has been buried in the mud. The bird floats thus motionless, its head to the wind, as all ducks swim, and a man expert at "planting" them in this way can cause them to assumé many natural and life-like positions, such as holding up the head, as if in the act of drinking, burying the bill in the water, as if feeding, sticking the bill back of the wing, as if feather-preening, and so

As fast as a toal is killed it is set out and in a little while the hunter has a flock of decoys numbering possibly fifteen or twenty and much more lifelike than any painted thing of canvas to be bought in a store. To attract his victims the gunner depends almost entirely upon the sight of the passing flocks, and for this reason the decoys are always set in open spaces where they may be seen readily. The teal has no scent at all and its sense of hearing is not particularly good. Consequently, it is one of the most difficult of ducks to "call," its note being a broken off, querulous feeble quack, especially hard to imitate. Many men expert at "calling down" the sonorous mallard from a height of a thousand feet in air are unable to do anything with the

teal.

A curious feature in the life of this bird is its habit of going to sleep at unexpected times and in unexpected places. It needs only sunlight and warruth to send it into a doze. A teal will sleep on a sand bank, or in a tuft of grass, or in perfectly open water, or on a floating log, or chip, large shough to support its weight. This sleep is of the nature of a cat-nap. It does not last more than a quarter of an hour. The bird will then wake suddenly and go busily to feeding. In a half hour it will stick its head under its wing.

and once more woo dreams. This trait is earn

cially marked in the young. The ducklings begin going to steep while floating aimiessity about the water almost as soon as they are out of the shell and until they are two years old are likely to yield to sumber at any time. Many of the birds now on the Hortcon marshes are profound sleepers, a sight good for a man who is afflicted with insomnia. When killed these little fellows often show pin-feathers under their winter suit of plumage, proving that they are of this season's hatch. They are full grown but do not lose the pin-feathers wholly for another month, At this stage they are just a thought better as food than at other times.

At this stage they are just a thought better as food than at other times.

Of late years sportsmen able to afford more than one gun have come to regard the teat more as a field bird than as water fowl, and in its pursuit to use the same weapon and same size of shot. Where formerly every ducker had to have a tengauge double-barres, weighing nine pounds or over and making a roar like a young cannon, now sixteen-gauges are the ruis, not the exception, and, as nitro powders find their way into aimeet all shells, there is only a faint pop instead of the old-time beliew. This is certainty better for the duck's nerves and evidences more scientific marksmanship on the part of the man doing the kining, but it may be questioned if it brings so much game to the pot.

Somehow the genius of man has never been able to devise a more deadly weapon against wild fow than the old ten-gauge, with its slow burning black powder. It took this powder longer to get going, which necessitated an even longer lead of crossing birds than is now the custom, but it carried a long way and gave the pellets a penetration not to be derived from the modern explosives. The market bunters of this part of the world were the last as a class to surrender the weapons of their daddies. Even they, however, have been forced to keep step with the march of progress and many of them now shoot small-bored, chocked, harmless guns that are marvels of beauty and delicacy.

SOUTHERN "MOONSHINERS."

Little Respect For Internal Revenue Law In Some Parts of the South.

There are 4.400 wholesate tiquor dealers and 1.600 rectifiers of ardent spirits in the United States, a total of 6.000 internal revenue tax-payers for liquor stamps, exclusive of 200,000 retail ilquor dealers in beer, ale, wine or whiskey. Wholesate tiquor dealers are most numerous in New York, in which, by the last report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, there were 965 to 465 in Pennsylvania and 407 in California. Rectifiers of spirits are numerous, too, in Itinois and Kentucky, the two great whiskey-producing States, and more than 25 per cent of the retail tiquor dealers of the country are to be found in the two States of New York and Illinois.

Arthough the four States of New York, Illinois Kentucky and Pennsylvania supply the Federal Government with the largest items of its revenue from the manufacture and sales of spirits, they furnish very little work, relatively, for the special agents of the Internal Revenue Department of the Treasury. The Government taxes, light or heavy, are paid, and little effort is made to es cape the penalties for non-payment by secret manufacture or "moonshine," as it is called, ex cept in rare cases. "Moonshining" is almost exclusively limited to the States of the South and especially of such of them as are in part mountainous, there being some occuit but not easily explainable connection between mountaineers and moonshining where whiskey-making is in voive1

According to the Internal Revenue Commissioner's report for the fiscal year of 1898, there were during the tweive months covered by it. 557 arrests by federal officers for illicit whiskey making, of which a few Southern States furnished the largest number and the greater quantities of spirits seized, as follows:

 State.
 Arrests for Moon shining.
 Gallon's Scized.

 Georgia
 390
 4,310

 Alabama
 127
 4

 Arkansas
 58
 418

 North Carolina
 73
 3,260

 Tennessee
 26
 2,536

 704
 10,626

Of the 857 arrests for violation of the Internal Revenue laws regulating distilling, 704 were in five Southern States, and of the 16,000 gallons of illicit whisky seized, nearly 11,000 were in the same States, notwithstanding the fact that their normal and lawful distillery operations are by no means as extensive as in States further North.

Various explanations have been offered for this peculiar disregard of some federal laws by Southern communities having a part of a mountain range included within their borders. By some it is said that the marked propensity for "moonshining" is due to the popularity of whiskey as a drink in such States, but this is not so, for many Georgia and Alabama counties are strictly "temperance." By others it is ascribed to the profits of the business in districts which are poor, and in which a small profit, at any risk, is eagerly sought for. But the material conditions of other Southern and Southwestern regions are the same, and hence a more plausible explanation must be sought.

It will be found probably in a combination of three causes in which lack of respect for law is not one. The early settlers of the mountainous districts of Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and their descendants who settled Arkansas, were to a great extent Scotchmen or cotch Irishmen. In the countries from which they came, the Scotch Highlands or the North of Ireland, the evasion of excise taxes (called by Thomas Jefferson "infernal") was deemed rather praiseworthy than otherwise, and "mountain dew" which has paid no government tax is said to taste sweeter than any other variety. For a ond reason, the chances of detection in mountainous districts is decidedly less than in large cities or in open country, and, finally, the Southern and Southwestern mountaineers were generally Unionists during the Civil War, friendly to the federal government during its progree and not hostile to its authority after its close. Many of them believed themselves to be morally exempt from the payment of any formal whiskey tax, and in some cases the "moonshiners" them selves either recommended or secured the appointment of the regular and special Internal D agents in their respective districts. For these reasons "moonshining" is much more generally prevalent in the Southern States named than elsewhere, and the extent of the operations of hiners" is imperfectly shown by the num ber of arrests made and of gallons of spirits seized. for many persons engaged in the business escap arrest and many thousand gallons of illicit whisky pay no tax.

The United States Government collected through the Internal Revenue Department last year \$135, 000 in fines and penalties and had to its credit also \$12,000 in legal costs imposed upon defendants, a total of \$150,000. In Arkansas, recently, a prosecuting United States attorney, unable secure a conviction by a local jury in any case wherein the charge was violation of the tax laws as to liquor selling, assented to the service of six women jurors, and his course in the matter provoked considerable censure, notwithstanding the fact that the district in which the trial was held is a strong Prohibition disrtict. There are a great many Prohibitionists in the South, but the repugnance to convictions for violations of liquor tax laws, notwithstanding this fact, is very general, and to this feeling of sympathy is due, in part, perhaps, the unwillingness of local jurors to convict persons accused of evasions of the In ternal Revenue law, a condition of affairs which is distinctly favorable to "moonshiners," and which some of them seem to enjoy. The enforcement of some other laws is stricter in the South than elsewhere.

Speech Restored by Prayer.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

ADRIAN, Mich., Aug. 28.—Stillwell Palmer, of Dover Township, a prosperous farmer. To years old, in May, 1897, loat his speech and had not spoken since till yesterday. He was religious and thought the Lord directed him to go to the house of an ex-prescher named lier. He hitched up his horse, took a slate and started. Iler and his family struck up a Gospel song. Then followed a season of prayer. Bix prayed that Palmer's speech be restored, and when the prayers ended Palmer began praying aloud himself. Palmer is a Methodist and Iler a Baptist.

Hatching a Large Pepulation.

From the Chicago Tribun.

"How in the world." asked comebody in the group, "will Chicago ever manage to dispose of the 16s,000,000 eggs packed in odd storage there". "She'll use them in her next occases," growled a man from St. Lowis.

THE MEN WHO TUNE PIANOS

THE BIG FACTORIES.

ot Good Piayers As a Bule-Big Fees Earned In Tuning Instruments For Professional Performers-Valuable Jew-eiry Found In the Old Square Pianos. "During the fourteen years that I have been working in New York I have tuned nearly 20,000 said an old-time tuning-fork man who s still in harness. "This I figure out on the basis that on every week-day during these fourteen years, with the exception of inconsiderable vacions or short periods of lliness, I have tuned six or eight planos. Of course, I have used the fork on many of these instruments dozens of times and I have not tuned 20,000 different planos. am only giving figures on the work I've done have done quite as much. New York people, as a rule, keep their pianos in good condition. In New York, as in all seaport cities, planes get out of tune much more quickly than in the inland cities, for the salt air of the sea gets in its work on plane strings, rusts and expands them, and

kept tightly closed all the time when not in use.

Plano tuners are for the most part graduated from the great piano factories in this country and England. There are a great many English piano tuners in this country. In fact, they about divide the work with American piano tuners, although the signs of a decided Teutonic invasion in the profession are beginning to be noticed.

"While the piano tuner is required to know every

hey rapidly go flat if the instruments are no

part in the make-up of a piano, and to be able to take an instrument completely apart and to reassemble the parts, he is not necessarily a plane epairer. There are hundreds of expert repairers of pianos who wouldn't be able to tune an instrunent they had overhauled to save themselves. Perhaps more than the man of any other rofession, the plane tuner is born, not made His acute sense of the vibrations of sound is given to him at his birth, and the man not so endowed can never become a piano tuner. When you discover that your growing boy is unable to whistle 'Yankee Doodle' without working in a dozen or so of harrowing false notes, you would be wasting your money if you set him to learn the violin or the plane or any other musical instrument, for, his ear not being true, he could not master an instrument in a thousand years. When, as a young man, I was employed in one of the big piano factories, I knew scores of men who could finish almost every part of a superb piano, but in whose ears the sounding of a ninth note for an octave would have awakened no disturbance whatever, so dormant was their musical sense. Of course, piano mers could never be made of such men.

"It is not in the slightest degree necessary that a plane tuner should be a performer, or even noderately good player. As a matter of fact, the majority of piano tuners are very indifferent players, and they rarely play at all beyond making a few runs for the testing of instruments they have tuned or are about to tune. Most tuners have simply one rapid, comprehensive piece, taking in the entire keyboard, for this purpose, and if I had a dollar for each time I've played my pet piece of this sort, I'd announce my retirer to-morrow morning. I am a most indifferent siano player (I don't suppose I have played ten different pieces in as many years), and yet a false note struck from a piano tears me to the centre Like any other piano tuner who understands his susiness, and whose ear has been made abnormal ly acute by practice and training, I can detect a alseness of a tenth of a tone in a piano note ever as I pass a house in which it is being played, and I never have such an experience that I don't feel like going into the house to set the thing right. Most piano tuners have to run away from the pianos and barrel organs, their falseness and discord are generally so nerve-racking.

"Quite a number of the piano tuners of New York now work on their own hook, but the majority of them are attached to the piano establishments and get good salaries. It costs from \$1.50 to \$10 to have a piano tuned, the average being about \$3 for a good bit of careful, painstaking work. For a laborious and exhausting task of tuning, such as getting an instrument into shape for a great performer, tuners get good-sized fees. On one of the occasions when Paderewski visited New York I tuned the instrument upon which he performed. It took me just aix hours, and I did the work under the constant supervision of Pader ewski himself. He was pretty fussy over the job at first, but, after halting me several times, he finally concluded, I suppose, that I had my business down pretty pat and let me go ahead. check he gave me when I got through was of pretty omfortable proportions

"A number of years ago, when Hans von Bulow visited New York, I tuned the instrument upon which he played. He wouldn't allow the instrument to be tuned in the warehouse, one of his whims being that even a short removal of a piano tocks it all out of tune platform upon which he was to perform. He stood over me all the time, letting out whoops and German cuss words, until I couldn't help but laugh in his face, which made him angry. Finally, when I had the piano almost tuned, he gave a few more shricks, and, grabbing my wrench, began doing the job all over again. I let him go ahead, and inside of three minutes he had the piano so hopelessly out of tune that it took me three hours to get it into working order again. Herr von Bulow paid double for his little exhibition.

"If I had kept and converted into money all of the articles that I have found in planes that I have tuned since I've been in the business, would have made a very neat sum to fall back on n my old age. This is especially true with reference to grand planes in the homes of the wealthy. Articles of jewelry most commonly get into the interior of planes. A few years ago I was sumnoned to tune a triangular piano in the resi of a wealthy Yonkers family, and on making preliminary run over the keys I instantly de ected an odd langling in the upper register. This angling, it seems, had also been noticed by the oung women of the family who played upon the nstrument, but none of them had taken the trou ble to investigate the cause of the unusual sound. It didn't take me long to pick out a very beautiful edingly valuable diamond bracelet from beneath the strings. When I turned the braceles over to the lady of the house, her delight was reat. A guest at one of her musicales had lost he bracelet several months previously, and there had been a great to-do over the loss or theft, as come considered it. A detective had made a care ful investigation of the matter, but had been baffied. I was afterwards told that when the brace let had been restored to the lady who had lost it, she remembered leaning for some time on the piano in conversation with another guest.

"When bangie bracelets were fashionable, used to often find between the piano strings, and sometimes even underneath the key board, small coins and medais that had been jost from the rracesets. The wife of a noted Chicago hotes man, herself a very famous woman, suffered such a oss while visiting at the home of a family herseverai years ago. It was a small gold Roman oin, with the head of Vespasian, immensely valuable from the point of view of a numismatist but of quadruple value to the lady because it had been given to her by Carmen Syiva, the Roumanian Queen, and she had tost it from her gold bangie bracelet of antique coins. I found the coin underseath the keyboard of the grand plane in th house at which she had been visiting, several months after she had missed it. When the coin was restored to the lady, who was then in Chicago, received a letter of thanks and a substantia check from her, together with an intimation that I might do pretty well as a plano tuner inChicago which didn't stir me to any wild depths of enthuslasm, by the way, for I've been in Chicago.

laam, by the way, for I've been in Chicago.

"We are sometimes caned upon to tune some queer old instruments. A couple of years ago I was summoned across to a little Jersey town, to 'tune a plano,' as the letter calling for my presence stated. When I got there and found my way to an old, isolated colonial house, I was unbered into a darkened drawing room by an old serving woman, and for a few minutes I enjoyed the old-time scent of laveder. Then quite an aged woman, who I afterward learned was a spinster and a rectuse, appeared, and conducted me back to an old-fashioned music room, where she pointed out a last-century harpschord as the instrument she washed to have tuned. Now, the only harpschords I had even seen up to that day had been

in glass cases in museums. But I didn't let on to the kindly old lady that I hedn't made a daily business of tuning harpischords all my life. The instrument was interally on its lest legs, and I had to be mighty careful not to lean on it, or it would have fatien to pieces under my weight. The strings were all intact, however—they had been renewed about twenty years before—and I went to work on the thing. It took me quite a white to master the theory of the instrument, and its little kinks, simple as it was, but inside of a couple of hours I had it in perfect order. The old lady was delighted when I finished the tuning, and she sat down and played on it right sweetly with her stiffened old fingers."

THEIR LESSON LEARNED TOO LATE Reystone Men Not Sure That They Knew Ready Money.

PORT MATILDA, Pa., Sept. 2.—Folks who live in the central part of Pennsylvania are wondering this summer whether they really know a good thing when they see it. A lot of them have come to the conclusion that they do not and, sad to relate, they can prove it. The men, too, who are not sure whether they know prospective cash at a glance, are the ones who have held prominent places in their localities for years and years.

A hundred years or so ago there moved into the central part of the State, then a wilderness, many families, the male members of which knew something about the making of iron. They found large beds of good ore almost everywhere and in the course of years, a score or so of small blast furnaces was built. They were not small for the age, though several of them were considered large then. The iron made in Center, Clinton and nearby counties soon became known all over the State, and as the years were on the families which owned the furnaces became wealthy. No man became a millionaire, but down in this region there are no millionaires, and it does not take a great many thousand dollars to make a man wealthy even now.

In time the sons of the original settlers grew up. and, like their fathers, acquired ore land and built furnaces. A dozen or fifteen were built in the twenties and thirties, and for fifty years these new furnaces continued to make money for their owners. Fifty years ago, to say nothing of the time when the first furnaces were built, the iron industry was not very far advanced and the furnaces were far from being models from the modern iron man's point of view. Instead of coke, charcoal was used as fuel, and it took a lot of it to aid in the man ufacture of a ton of iron. The mountains were covered with virgin timber, however, and even if it did take much cutting and burning, there was plenty of wood to be cut and no scarcity of charcoal burners to burn it. It cost considerable of mone to make iron then, but the men who bought it paid well for it, and, it is to be presumed, sold it for nore, so very one was satisfied. It is not en record that the consumers complained, for the iron wa good and they got their money's worth.

good and they got their money's worth.

There was not much to a blast furnace in those days and as a matter of course, the output of a single furnace was not large. Some of them could put 75 tons of pig iron on the market every week, but not many did so well. The trouble was that while the furnacemen could get some iron out of the ore, they could not get it all, nor nearly all, and while the furnaces ran, the slag piles grew faster than did anything else connected with the industry. Every week these piles of refuse continued to grow at an amazing rate and in some instances acres and acres were covered five and ten feet deep with slag.

All things change, and the iron industry was no exception to the rule. Andrew Carnegie and men like him found newer and better ways of making iron, and after they had built their big furnace out in the Pittsburg region, the iron masters in the central part of Pennsylvania began to have troubles day and night. Big furnaces like the Lucy and the Carrie ran out 200 tons of pig iron a apiece every twenty-four hours, and they marked the end of little furnaces once they were in opera-

some of the small ones, the Hannah, Martha, Julian, Matilda and Caroline, for instance, had already been abandoned, and it was not long until there were many others following them to rack and ruin. No wonder the iron men in the central part of the State were sad. Nor were they alone in their sadness. Their wives and daughters were grief-stricken, too, for the furnaces had been named after them, and in addition, they found the family revenues cut off short.

While the new furnaces, the monsters, turned out iron at high speed, they did not devote much time to furnishing material for slag piles. They were built for other thengs. From year to year they were improved, and now now when ore containing fifty tons of iron is thrown into the top a furnace very near to fifty tons of iron are turned losee down below. What is lost would hardly make a good tack hammer.

Several modern furnace men heard of the old.

several modern furnace men heard of the old alag piles in this vicinity and they sent some of their employes to take a look at them. The visitors tors would drift into an old furnace town, give any excuse they thought of for their presence, and perhaps, in the course of a week, find their way to the slag beds. They had never seen anything of the kind, they told the old residents, and then they heard about fron furnaces. This interested them and they wanted to know more. They could hardly believe, they said, that many of the beds a quarier of a mile square, were twenty feet deep. This in some cases was true.

The visitors thought that the slag ought to make good material for roads and when they inquired, the old residents informed them that there was nothing better under the sun.

"Why," they said, "it is as heavy as iron." The visitor would pick up a chunk of the stu s big as his fist and find that what they said was true. It was as heavy as iron. Then the nan who thought slag would make good roads would write a letter to his brother and strange o say the brother would know where a lot of it could be tried. The result of this was that the risitor called on the man who owned the slag and told him about it. He had no use for the stuff and was willing to give some of it away. The visitor would not agree to this. He did not want omething for nothing, particularly as his brother who was a township supervisor somewhere, was willing to repay him. The owner of the slag was not averse to taking a little money, and in the end sold all the slag he owned for two or three hundred dollars and, just for form's sake, papers were drawn up and signed and in them it was secified that the visitor, if he ever wanted to do so, could build a railroad across the seller's land to reach his slag. Not that he ever expected to, he would explain, but it would do no harm to have everything regular and clearly understood on both sides.

If the various alag o mers in half a dozen counties, of which Centre was one, had compared notes five years ago and right along since 1894, they would doubtless have concluded that somewhere or other there were going to be a good many miles of slag road built. But they did not happen to think about slag when they met, and one after another they sold out. Here and there a man sold the stuff at so much a ton, but he received only a nominal price.

The experience of one man, who sold much of the material, worthless to him he thought, to s stranger who wanted it to use in building roads, was much like that which the others had in time This man had sold his slag and had spent the noney before he heard anything from the buyer who had gone away soon after he had received the papers involved in the sale. Then, one morning he woke up and, sauntering around after breakfast, was astonished to see the slag pile, once his covered with men all hard at work digging it apart. Other men were driving stakes right across his meadow and it really did look as if they were going to build a railroad there. When he hurried over and made inquiries he found that he was not mistaken. There was going to be a railroad and it was going to run from the old slag pile over to the

branch railroad a half mile away.

When the old furnace man, half dazed, reached the place where the digging was in progress, he could hardly believe his eyes. Down in this State, now and then, half the men in a township turn out to build and repair roads, and the man had thought that something of the kind might be up now. But it was no collection of farmers that he saw at work. Every man on the pile was a big, husky Hungarian, who handled a pick in a manner which showed that he was used to it, and out in front was a the boss swearing as no central Pennsylvan is farmer ever knew how to swear. The words

rolled out of his mouth unendingly, and in his right hand he carried a pick handle, while the buit of a six shooter stuck out of his hip pocket. The old furnace man gathered that the boss wanted the men to work, and he acknowledged to himself that he was succeeding. The slag pile was shaking all over and dust was flying away in clouds. The furnace man had not known that men could work so hard; none employed by him had ever done so anyway.

He walked over to the boss and remarked that it was a fine day, to which he received no reply, save a nod. Then he said that it looked to him as if there was to be a lot of road building, adding that he did not know much about it though, as he had devoted himself entirely to the iron industry. "Iron and iron ore are my specialties," he remarked.

"Well, if that is so," said the boss, "you curb!

to know a lot about this stuff on which we are standing. It is about the nearest thing to pure iron that I ever found lying out on the edge of a meadow,"

"Why," replied the furnace man, "this is alag-

"Why," replied the furnace man, "this is slag which has been here for years. The iron has been taken out of it."

The been looked him over carefully from head

The boss looked him over carefully from head to foot.

"My friend," he said, "when they put two tons of this stuff in a furnace they get one ton of iron out. They are just hungry for this pile out Pittsburg way, and so help me they are going to get it in a hurry. If you owned half of it you could buy all the land in sight, and you wouldn't have to get anyone to go on your note either."

to get anyone to go on your note either."

After saying this he devoted himself to the Hungarians, and the dust became so thick that the furnace man moved off and went home a wiser man than he had been before. He had learned that what he knew about the iron industry did not amount to thirty cents, and as the slag pile decreased from day to day he became sadder and sadder, and there was no one to comfort him, for his neighbors said that since his slag looked like iron and was heavy like iron, he should have known that it was iron. Of course, this was only talk, for had they known any more about it than he did, they would have bought the stuff themselves and sold it at great profit.

All over this section other men have the experience of this man since the boom in the Iron industry set in, and so it comes about, that folks down here are not sure that they know ready money when they see it.

> Lightning Work on "Panta." From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Pantaloon-making has been reduced to a great science in the big factories both here and in the North," said a New Orleans clothing dealer. "I refer, of course, to the cheap garments that in this section are sold almost entirely to the negroes. A pair of 'pants' of that grade contains twelve pieces, the outlines of which are represented by slits in the top of a heavy table. Twenty-four sections of cloth are laid on the table and a revolving knife like a buzz saw, travels through the slits. As it does so it cuts the fabric into the exact patterns. The whole thing is done with incredible swiftness and the pile of cloth is scarcely deposited

ing knife like a buzz saw, travels through the slits. As it does so it cuts the fabric into the exact patterns. The whole thing is done with incredible swiftness and the pile of cloth is scarcely deposited when it is fully cut. The pieces are then sent on an electric carrier to the sewing machines which are also run by a motor. Each operative has only one thing to do. The first one will put in the leg seams, the second will sew up the body, the third will put on the waistband and a fourth will attach the straps. The button holes are worked by machinery and as a rule the buttons themselves are of the automatic staple variety and are secured by a single motion of a sort of punch.

It is very interesting to watch the garment passing from hand to hand and it reaches the inspector all complete with a celerity that nearly takes one's breath away. It is then ironed by being passed between a series of gas heated rollers and is ready to be ticketed and placed in stock. Under the present system the outputs of some of the large factories have been quadrupled during the last four or five years.

The Rarity of Hydrophobia.

From the Fouth's Communion.

It has been asserted by many friends of animals, who rightly object to the annual torture and slaughter of dogs, and even by some physicians, that there is no such disease as hydrophobla, or rables, as it is more correctly called. Those who have studied the subject carefully, however, are certain that there is a disease of dogs which is communicable by one suffering from it to other animals and to man. But this disease is very rare, and probably not one person in a thousand bitten by dogs is in any danger of it, and not one dog killed among 500 supposed mad dogs is really

The word hydrophobia is a misnomer, for a mad dog has no fear of water, and will run through a shallow pool without the slightest hesitation; the fear is that of drinking water or of swallowing anything, either fluid or solid, as the attempt is almost certain to throw the sufferer, man or beast, into spasma

The only way of transmitting hydrophobia is by ineculating; that is, by the introduction of the virus into the body through a wound of the skin or the mucous membrane. The most usual way for this rare event to occur is, of course, through the bite of a rabid dog, cat or other animal. But not every bite, even of a genuinely mad dog, is followed by hydrophobia. If the animal's teeth, for instance, have passed through a man's trouser leg or boot, the saliva, which contains the virus, may be wiped away from his teeth.

Answered His Own Letter.

From the Chicago Neses. A certain young railroad man who has charge of a department in the auditing branch of his ompany's business, had occasion recently to dictate a letter to the head of a corresponding de partment of another road. There was a point in dispute between the two railroads involving money and this young official had taken a stubborn ground that the other official was totally at fault and advanced what seemed to him unanswerable arguments to prove it. A short time after he had orwarded the letter he received a proposition from headquarters of the other railroad, which he accepted, and within a few days he became the head of the department with which he had been in dispute. The first letter which he found on file ready to be answered was his own on the point in ques ion. There was only one thing to do. He immediately dictated an answer to his own letter, refuting and repudiating its argument, and wound up by a heated insinuation that the writer of it was an unmitigated donkey. Of course, the letter was addressed to himself and signed by himself, but in his enthusiasm for the interests of his new employer he did not mind a little thing like that

President Grant's Suggestion.

An official who quite generally knows what he is talking about was dilating the other afternoon upon the funny hopelessness for all reasonable purposes of many of the little creeks and rivers for the "improvement" of which Congress was asked to appropriate money under the River

"When Grant was President," said the official,
"he used to alternately chuckle and fulminate against the expenditure of good government coin
for the 'improvement' of measily little streams that
he himself knew could never be made fit for any
human purpose. There was a Virginian who,
failing to get Congress to stick in an appropriation
for the dredging of a little stream down in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter.

"'Let's see,' said Grant, musingly, 'I believe I

crossed that stream in 1864, wasn't it?

"The Virginian, who remembered Grant's crossing of the stream pretty well, replied affirmatively.

"'Look here, said, Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly, 'why don't you macadamize

Apples Baked on the Trees.

Prem the Indianapetis News.

Portland, Aug. 25.—Horace Spade, a farmer living three miles south of the city, had a novelty of baked apples on the trees yesterday afternoon, but it was rather expensive. A young man living in the immediate vicinity had started a fire in some underbrush, and with the very dry weather the flames appead and communicated to Mr. Spade's orchard. Fifty-nine trees were burned, and the apples on them were baked to the very top-most branches.

IN A MANILA PLAY HOUSE

GLIMPSE OF THE DRAWA IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

What a Theatre Goer Can See for Thirty
Cents in Mexican Money-Description of
the Play, the Players and the Audience-

the Play, the Players and the Audience— Good Cheer While the Programme Lasted, From the Chicago Daily News. MANILA, June 13.—Yesterday I visited a Pili-

MANILA, June 13.—Yesterday I visited a Pilipino theatre; and though the others present enjoyed it in a different way. I warrant none of them enjoyed it more heartily than I did.

enjoyed it more heartily than I did.

It is conducted in a large nips building that stands beside our road into the city on Cervantes street. Passing in at the gate, an inclosure was found where were booths, at which disposed for sale were bottles of pop and of so-called lemonads, cigarettes, sweets of various kinds—or, as they are called in Spanish, dulces, that word including all forms of sweets, candies, desserts and the like.

The performance was announced at 4:80, but I was early, so a half hour was spent in looking about, engaging in good natured chat and chaff with all the waiting men, women and children, But I should say all children, for such they are, no matter what their age. One old fellow wore red breeches, and I believe firmly he belongs to Gen. Pio del Pilar's famous Twelfth regiment that we were chasing last week, yet he was so childishly happy that I bore him no grudge for shooting at me. There were belies and beaux, and the beaux

presented the belies with necklaces of tuberoses and rose geranium leaves skillfully strung or throad and making a pretty band; but when they were all assembled inside, the odor of the flower was too much like a funeral to be cheerful. The women's clothes were immaculate, starched stiff and looking as fresh and fleat as possible; their neck handkerchiefs are their pride, and are bordered with lace, said in many cases to be very valuable. One girl whom I noticed seemed got up specially for the occasion and was quite con cious. She had on long black stockings, and was the only one I saw who bore that distinction, all the others scuffing around in their woodensoled slippers suspended by the band across their bare toes. This particular girl showed by her manner she knew she was pretty, and she was in spite of having indulged in the Spanish custom of putting powder on her face, but she was not shy, and if I had been able to speak Tagalo I am sure could have fed her on dulces at the lunch counter all afternoon. I might even have made it with

The band, a regular Filipino band, played in an open nipa building outside the theatre, and everybody walked about and chatted in the most good-natured way possible. They were as happy as children and laughed and talked to me, and some things I understood and some I didn't, but it made no difference. The band, on my appearance played "Marching Through Georgia" and "Helle Round the Flag, Boys," and all smiled and looked at me, and it was so good-natured I forgot to be embarrassed by so much attention. A little interruption occurred while the "Rally Round the Flag" was going on, for there were some game cocks picketed nearby, and one pulled his picket in, and immediately there was a fight which adjourned the band and caused everybody to rush, excited, to the spot. But the owner shortly appeared and stopped the fun, so we went back and rallied round the flag some more and ate duices and drank pop and chatted until the clanging of the bell inside warned us of the approaching per-

The play bill at the door announced "The Martyr Husband," in which "El pastor Leopoldo" and "La pastora Leogarda" performed; last week it was "The Crime of Love," and possibly this was the sequel.

My ticket had cost 30 cents (Mexican) and er titled me to an orchestra seat, but I got a preferable position in a small box situated at the rear of the niddle aisle, raised about six inches above the aisle and surrounded by a railing draped with blue cotton stuff. There were three seats in the box, and some pretty girls in a group near me were having a lively time, giggling, attracting my attention so that I saw I had something to do with it, but could not tell what until one of them, evidently on a wager, came over and sat in my box. She was eating a roasted ear of corn, and seemed to feel very silly after she had come, and I allowed her to depart after we had said a few things to each other which neither understood, and all the time the rest of her party kept up their giggle and chatter.

giggle and chatter.

An old gray-haired usher stood near the door and directed people, while another—a fat good-natured old fellow in slippers, and whose cotton trousers flapped around his ankles—met them in front of my box and escorted them down the aisle. The band now came in from outside, and, taking the usual place, played waltzes while the seats filled and everybody chatted and smoked, till finally a bell on the stage set up a dreafful clang-

ing and the curtain rose.

The dialogue was in Spanish, and it began by each of five people, who were seated in a very stiff row, reciting in a most stilled manner, both of voice and gesture, an introductory story concerning the betrothal of Don Somebody or Other to Dona Something Else, without their having anything to say about it themselves. In course of time the girl appeared and told her story in a high, squeaky voice. She was got up in a sort of Diapa style of dress made of green satin, covered with gift embroidery and spangles, and with low neck and short sleeves, while her aigrette was huge, and I wondered why she was wearing that rig in the wild

roods where she appeared. Her fiance appearing opportunely with his father and a few other business men, the young couple were betrothed, and walking toward ch other she stood very stifly and placed her left hand about over his liver, and he put his left hand behind her waist and his right-oh. well, I have no business discussing a woman's anatomy. I know only that they were both as stiff as possible and Diana did not look or act happy over her betrothal. Each scene ended with a sort of grand march, and the half dozen people on the stage stood and marked time till they caught it and then protoed in twos down to the front, and, halting for two or three steps, faced outward and marched to the corners and thus around until they disappeared at the back. Every exit was made in this manner, no matter if there was but one person concerned Curtains were raised and dropped for the different scenes, and the stage setting was quite like our own, only very simple; indeed, it was not typical as a Filipino theatre, but was quite Spanish in cotumes, dialogue and plot. And, true to report, the heroine had several admirers on the string, Her fiance, to use a slang expression, was not in it, and when the real article appeared on the sorne and announced himself you could tell at once by his general get up that he had the confidence

which must carry him to success. He talked a long time about it, all to himself, d mused and raved, vowed and prayed, shouted and hissed, and when Diana appeared I have forgotten her name, but that is what she looked like he immediately began to chase her around the stage, dropping on his knee about every third step, However, she knew her business and was by turns haughty and coy, disdainful and reluctant, until another suitor appeared on the scene and tried to get up a row with the favorite and he almost suceeded; indeed, they drew their swords or knives or something else of that sort, and that fetched her, She declared her preference, threw herself into his arms and left the rejected gentleman to take himself off without even the assistance of the orchestra. But he marched around and out just the same, only stopping at each turn to utter curses, which were greeted with shouts by the audience and whistless

from the boys. About this time it was growing dark and a grayhaired old man who looked exactly like one of the pet monkeys at camp, came around with a ladder, and, leaning it against the posts, climbed up and lighted oil lamps through the room. The pop began to flow, cigareties were glowing everywhere, dulces and roasted corn were in demand and everybody was enjoying the afternoon hugely; they were attentive to the stage, and an occasional peal of laughter or loud talking was promptly hissed, while humorous remarks were greeted with shricks The first act ended without the welding, and while it might easily have occurred between the acts, I concluded not to wait and witness the poor fellow's martyrdom; it was evident from the hero

ine's performances that he was going to catch it thoroughly when the time arrived.

However Amall or Great.

a business may be, intelligence is the first requisite to success. Such heip may be found through THE SUN'S advertising columns.—